

The Alliance Herald
TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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PLUCKING GOAT FEATHERS.

The Alliance Elks, a few weeks ago, organized a vaudeville entertainment. A cast of twenty-five or more worked three weeks in perfecting themselves in their parts. They weren't in it for the money. The Elks have a charity fund, and it was arranged that all net proceeds should go into the charity fund. There was a big and happy crowd for the performance here, and the show got over well.

And so the idea was conceived to take the players to some neighboring town. Again, there was no idea of making any money out of it for the performers. Chadron and Sidney were considered, and the latter town was selected because the Sidney live-wires, it is understood, are planning to get a charter for an Elks lodge, and the Alliance Elks wanted the people of Sidney to know that it was a good sort of an institution to have and that it is alive from the neck up and down.

The Elks took their show to Sidney. They were greeted by only a fair house, but the crowd wasn't stingy with its appreciation. The only difficulty that developed was when one or two jokes were sprung upon a couple of prominent citizens who apparently had more dignity than common sense. After the show, one of these leading lights declared that he had no desire to meet any member of the Alliance troupe. He shoved his hands into his pockets and glared belligerently when a friend tried to introduce him to some of the Alliance people.

This sort of thing is all right, of course, if a man happens to be the kind of a fellow who'll do it, and the Alliance folks promptly laughed and forgave. The gentleman with the injured dignity did not. For the Sidney Telegraph bears the following account of the performance, with fairly good evidence of someone's rancor. The account transcends the bounds of good taste and plain courtesy, but Alliance visitors to Sidney will recall that on former occasions, there have been a few people who have always managed to spoil that city's reputation for hospitality. The Telegram says:

The much-advertised Elks' home talent came down from Alliance Wednesday night and put on their performance to a crowded house at the U. S. A. The Alliance people were a fine and friendly bunch but their vaudeville did not go over very good in Sidney who has a pretty critical audience. A home talent may receive charity at home, but it is no longer home talent when it travels. We don't want to say our neighbors very hard so we will gently lower the drop curtain and totally exonerate Manager Chet Miller for a performance that was sans music, sans acting and sans wit. Mr. Miller certainly gives his public some splendid shows, one of rare merit recently seen here being the Brown Bros'. Saxophone Six which put on an interlude of musical vaudeville, which was delightful. They play, as a rule, only in large theaters, but Mr. Miller knew his audience when he captured them for here. The Brown Bros'. Saxophone Six has been contracted to open the new theater in Denver, which is the largest and best theater between Kansas City and the coast.

After looking on this account, turn to the columns of the Sidney Enterprise, which has a somewhat different report to make:

The Elks vaudeville company from Alliance gave an entertainment at the U. S. A. theatre here Wednesday night to a crowded house. They were a jolly bunch, clean and courteous, and made a hit with our people, and in a town with the talent Sidney possesses, it means something to make a hit in home talent productions, so that no higher praise could be given than to say the Alliance Elks pleased Sidney. We were unable to attend but those who did speak highly of the entertainment.

It is perhaps needless to observe, in connection with The Telegram's discourtesy, that clean newspaper men and citizens realize that there can be nothing more contemptible than the writer who, to satisfy personal spite or to oblige a generous friend, is willing to color his news reports. The Telegram editor has labeled himself appropriately by this action, and those who will may see just how cheap a valuation he places upon himself. He who runs may read—and he who reads will hold his nose and run.

JOHN WILLIAMS' COW.

The lady bovine that kicked over a lantern and started the Chicago fire fairly won for herself a place in history, as well as for her owner, Mistress O'Leary. Down in Furnas county another cow bids fair to win a place in the annals of Nebraska.

The Nebraska cow belongs to John Williams. One of the innumerable state officials who are going up and down the state, inspecting everything from hotel sheets to chunks of liver, called upon John and after an inspection, declared the animal had tuberculosis and condemned her to die, according to state law made and provided. The inspector, in his high and mighty way, denied John permission to do the killing himself and burn the carcass on his farm. He insisted that the animal be sent to Omaha.

John Williams' cow arrived at Omaha, in due course, by freight. But here, strange to relate, she passed the tuberculin test with flying colors, and was declared edible. The animal was slaughtered, all right, and John got \$16.29 for her. It cost him, however, \$54 to get her to Omaha. He is loser some \$38, not to mention the cow and considerable anguish and the risk of overstrained blood vessels due to anger and exasperation. There isn't any way which he can be reimbursed for the mistake, and so he and his friends are taking it out in publicity.

We're for John. From all over the state complaints are coming in about the officiousness of inspectors, as well as plenty of incidents which show their incompetence. If necessary, maybe these various officials will one day be appointed because of their fitness for the work, instead of as a reward for political services rendered.

GOOD ROAD NEWS.

In the trying days of the war, before the tide of victory had definitely turned in the direction of the allies, a common expression was "No news is good news." In the battles of peace, this doesn't go. "In the great game of building roads, so far as Box Butte county's experience with other counties is concerned, it can be said that any news is good news for anything is better than standing still.

Road boosters are perhaps the most enthusiastic bunch of men in the world, when as many as five of them get together in one place. When the number is increased to fifty, it's impossible to clamp a lid on the oratory. In a big road meeting, more promises are made in an hour than a candidate for governor can make in a week. The unfortunate feature is that these promises are forgotten about as easily by the road boosters as by the politicians.

You see, it's this way: When fifty men are together laying out a stretch of a big national highway, there isn't a thought of failure. There's a rush of enthusiasm and oratory that overrides every obstacle as fast as one shows up. The real test comes about three months after the meeting, when three-fourths or more of the men who have been carrying the banner find other things to do about the time it is necessary to meet with state and county officials who must act before anything can be done. The few boosters who are left go up against the guns—big and little—and get plenty of promises. By the time it's necessary to insist on performance, only a corporal's guard is still on the job. Then follows weeks and months of waiting, and usually it isn't even watchful waiting.

At such a time, when everyone shows a disposition to let the other man take the next step, any news is good news. Therefore, the road meeting held last Wednesday at Broadwater should be hailed with cheers. Those Broadwater boosters are among the liveliest bunches we've got in this end of the state. They have followed up their enthusiastic words with a lot of voluntary hard labor on the roads. They have decided to put their shoulders to the wheel and start the G-P-C project moving again in Nebraska. Alliance will not only lend encouragement, but will be right there with the co-operation.

Within a month or two, State Engineer Johnson plans to come to Alliance and hold a meeting with various road factions. Mr. Johnson's department, in view of the proposed investigation which starts today, and the sentiment over the state, as expressed at the special session of the legislature, is rather inclined to rest on its oars for a year or so. It's going to take a united bunch of road enthusiasts to start the ball rolling.

Indications are that Mr. Johnson's attitude has changed somewhat in the last month or two. Hints dropped by the division engineer are to the effect that if Box Butte county is united on a road program, we'll be permitted to go ahead with it, and get the proper amount of assistance from the state. It's true that most of the money we spend comes, in the final analysis, right from our own pockets, either by direct or indirect taxation, but so long as the system calls for approval from state and federal authorities before we may spend our own money, it's well to marshal our arguments and get ready to use them.

The stage is all set for road progress this year. The G-P-C road boosters from Oshkosh and Broadwater have decided to go. The Morrill county commissioners have apparently decided

that the North Star route shall be built in such a way that it will not be to Alliance's advantage to push it to completion. The G-P-C is more direct, and is largely constructed. United action will put it across. There is also a possibility that the state engineer's influence can be brought to bear upon Morrill county to make the Sidney-Bridgeport-Alliance road a real thoroughfare.

In the meantime, unless we do get busy, there is also a danger that other communities will beat us to it. Morrill, Neb., road boosters are openly working for a connecting link between the Lincoln highway and the Black Hills. The first one of these roads to be built will have the advantage with the tourist traffic. Harold Cook's suggestion that a tourist road be arranged to branch off to the Agate fossil quarries should not be overlooked. But, above all, something ought to be done or we'll be getting into the tourist game with a bad start.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY

(Omaha Daily News)
Probably the first free correspondence school in the world is latest well-ventured by the Knights of Columbus. This excellent school starts, able to provide 10,000 courses in technical training for war veterans—free, except for pen, ink, paper and postage in mailing lessons to a far-off instructor.

Creed or color make no difference. The K. of C. hopes to expand its school so that all war veterans, no matter where located can get mail training free of charge.

An excellent movement! To enroll, applicant addresses William J. McGinley, supreme secretary, Knights of Columbus national headquarters educational division, New Haven, Conn.

COURTS AND COURTING

(Omaha World-Herald)
Here is a new use for which an injunction is sought.

Bruno Heller of Chicago resents the attention that a ravishingly beautiful girl insists on lavishing upon him. Heller alleges that Miss Freidman "positively snubbed him under with affection and an avalanche of telephone calls." At the end of his wits to know how to make the lady desist, Heller has resorted to court. He concluded that an injunction restraining her is the best means of defense.

If Chicago establishes a precedent granting an injunction to restrain an ardent lady's admiration for a young man, will the innovation be adopted by many a girl who finds herself pestered with a suitor who she does not like? For ages the girls have courteously replied to the entreaties of unacceptable wooers. And in these days they continue tactfully to make excuses which intelligence can interpret as "please don't bother me." Only when the hard truth must be told do they tell it. And they manage to avoid courts.

With suffrage, equal rights and everything that modern women are thinking, Chicago men should use their influence to change Heller's tactics. Think what it would mean if woman should awaken to the power lying in the threat of an injunction against a man who persisted in calling her on the telephone! It must give us pause. Men tacitly admit that women rule the world. But if women lay hold of the suggestion of an injunction to restrain courtship, what hope is there for men?

But reassurance comes with the thought that women are likely to continue to be patient and merciful with their admirers. And with reason for faith in the leadership of women, men will rise to protest against Heller's action.

HOW WE READ.

The reason that there is a prevalent belief that the newspapers print a great quantity of crime news is the way in which the average reader reads the newspaper, Less A. White, editorial executive of the Detroit News, said in an address before the Medill School of Journalism. He made a painstaking investigation.

This is the way they read according to Mr. White:

"Column 1, disarmament.
"The reader: "Disarmament conference, um um um. Japan, um. Hughes, um. Shantung, um. Finished."

"Column 2: Stillman case; no ums; close attention. Occasional murmur of 'Can you beat that?' One reader says he must scan the column because the case is a 'sociological document.' Another merely says it is 'hot stuff.' Both skip nary a word.

"Column 3, the farmer bloc in congress. The reader: 'Um um. Well, I know what I think of the farmers. Finished."

"Column 5, orchestra deficit; orchestra must be saved. The reader, 'Is that so?' Well let somebody save it then. Finished."

By that time, Mr. White said, the reader turns hurriedly to the sport page, and, after having earned his rest, sleeps, his slumbers disturbed, however, by the thought of the crime and the scandal the papers print.

An old offender in crime may be said to have the courage of his convictions.

Saddest of all, a great deal of the free verse would make rather fetching prose if allowed to.

No one can fool all of the people all the time, but that does not prevent some politicians from trying.

Comment is made upon the difficulty of pronouncing Doctor Sze's name. That is easy. It is pronounced as spelled.

There is considered something very mysterious these times about the day that doesn't bring forth a new mystery.

In The MOVIES

Tonight's attraction at the Imperial is a photoplay with that handsome devil, Thomas Meighan, and Jaqueline Logan. Miss Logan, by the way, is claimed by Scottsbluff, having lived there for a while, at least, before making a place for herself in the movies. "White and Unmarried" is the title, and the story tells of the inheritance by a crook of a fortune, his departure for Europe, his meeting on the boat with Dorothea, a girl with whose photo he has fallen in love, and the romance which develops. There's a hated rival, a Bohemian cafe, an Apache, an old farmhouse and a sensational gun fight in fact, a pleasant evening's entertainment. The pictures of the Scottsbluff girl (maybe it was her mother who lived there—but it was one of them, show her to be extremely easy to gaze upon.

Tom Mix in "A Ridin' Romeo" plays up to the title of the Wednesday fillum. Tom, after being run out of the house by his father's sweetheart, is mooning along the road when he sees a gang hold up the stagecoach. He gallops to the rescue, saves a comely young woman and takes her gallantly to the home of the girl's father, only to find that the woman was after father with a breach of promise suit and that he had planned the holdup to scare her out of the country. He finds a baby on a rock, rescues it, and the sheriff gets him for kidnaping. It's a hard world—for a while—for Tom.

Thursday and Friday of this week Imperial audiences may expect one of the year's best pictures, "Kismet," Otis Skinner's greatest stage success, done into a photoplay by Robertson-Cole. Otis Skinner takes the heavy role in the picture. Like a romance from the "Arabian Nights" is the story of Marisnah, the daughter of a beggar who lived in a remote corner of the city of Bagdad. Through the magic of the fates she met with the caliph, who ruled supreme, and who promised that she should become his bride. Then, through the chicanery of a number of plotters she was cast into a harem, there to spend the balance of her life lost to the world and at the mercy of the wickedest man in the orient, she would have been swept into oblivion had it not been for what the poet call "Kismet." The story of the maid will live long in the memory of all who see the screen version of the celebrated play.

Wanted to Buy—Your fat hogs or ship them or commission. O'Bannon & Neuswanger. 17-1f

Herald Want Ads are read.

In spite of sundry heroic attempts by statesmen here and there, the jaw-bone, however abnormally developed, never elevates the brow. Improved highways and enclosed cars are making causality lists about as heavy in winter as they were in summer.

After Every Meal
WRIGLEY'S
THE PERFECT FLAVOR
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
Satisfies the sweet tooth and aids appetite and digestion. Cleanses mouth and teeth. A great boon to smokers, relieving hot, dry mouth. Combines pleasure and benefit. Don't miss the joy of the new WRIGLEY'S P-K—the sugar-coated peppermint tid bit!



"What is SHE going to Do?"

Statistics from a reliable source tell us that nine men out of 1,000 die every year.

In many cases families are left in comfortable circumstances, but in others the widow and her children are nothing more than paupers—public charges.

IT IS SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Have you provided for the contingency: "What is she going to do?"

Our suggestion is: Start a Bank Account TODAY. It won't take long to accumulate quite a sum that can be used nicely until your family adjust itself to the new conditions imposed upon it. Don't put it off until it is too late.

COME IN AND SEE US TODAY!

The First State Bank